

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE TÊTE-À-TÊTE DISTURBED.

## WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XI.—JOHN TINCROFT'S RESOLUTION.

JOHN TINCROFT went back to his hospitable quarters, and shut himself up in the old library. He remained there some time, even after the dinner-bell rang. But he did compel himself to move at last, and he met his friends at the dinner-table.

John Tincroft was not a bad young fellow, though

he was awkward, and ungainly, and shy. "Your heart is better than your head," he was once told by his schoolmaster, on occasion of some petty delinquency. And though, of course, we demur to such a statement, if strictly theological grounds are to be taken, it was true enough of him in other respects and on lower grounds.

He was very dull of comprehension, was John. I have said this before, but there is no harm in repeating it. But there was this about him, that when he had

grasped an idea, he did not let it go very easily. Now Mr. Rubric had succeeded in giving a new turn to John's thoughts. It had been pleasant to him to take those walks of which I have spoken, pleasant to worship at the shrine of Sarah's loveliness, without knowing that he worshipped. The old self-accusation of being a woman-hater was fading away; or rather a new light had been cast on that subject. Of course he knew that the maiden's loveliness was nothing to him. Was not Sarah engaged to her cousin? Was not he himself engaged to his Oriental studies? In another year, or in less time than that, he would leave, or have left, England for ever, perhaps; and did not he know that, even if he had the disposition to marry, and the chance of marrying—neither of which propositions were on the carpet, but even if they had been—did he not know that he could not very well take out with him a wife?

But for all this, and perhaps because of the very absurdity of the idea of his falling in love, and the impossibility of his committing this absurdity in the instance of the fair damsel at High Beech, he had allowed himself to haunt her precincts, and to feast himself on her charms. Perhaps John thought—if he were ever guilty of thinking poetry—that “a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;” and that it would be—would be—nice is the word—*nice* for him, when thousands of miles away, to remember the fair vision which had broken in upon him at this time.

If in this John sinned, I am afraid many of us often sin without knowing it. Certainly, had he been asked the question, he might have replied with a clear conscience that he had not coveted his neighbour's goods, nor his prospective wife, nor anything that was his neighbour's. And yet, for all that, the maelstrom was there, and John Tincroft was whirling round its outer circles without intending it, and not even being aware of it, but at the same time enjoying its giddy motion.

Mr. Rubric, however, had, as I have said, put the matter before him in another light. He had not exactly told John that he was doing wrong to his own soul; but he had plainly indicated that he was inflicting injury on another's good name and prospects. It was already being talked about—this intimacy of his at the farm; and what if the result should be, as his mentor had hinted, the breaking off of the old engagement and the loss of a husband when a husband was so sorely needed?

Tincroft was not very well up in this kind of affair, nor of any other where common everyday life was concerned. Once, for instance, when he was fishing for gudgeons in the Cherwell—having been enticed into investing in a rod and line—he lost sight of line and float so completely as to allow a mischievous urchin, whom he had hired to attend him, slyly to fasten a red herring on to the hook. Oblivious of the trick, John presently jerked up the line, and, without any further astonishment than that he should have caught any sort of fish, captured the prize—speaking of it afterwards as a feat of skill, or of chance rather, to be proud of, not being previously aware, as he declared, that the Cherwell reckoned herrings, especially red herrings, among its finny inhabitants.

So now, innocent as he was of any, or of many, of the commoner concerns of mortal existence, John Tincroft might have gone on worshipping this new-found idol at a distance, if his dreams had not been rudely broken in upon by the warnings of his clerical friend. So rudely, indeed, that he did not half like it.

“I did not mean any harm,” thought John to himself that morning, when closeted in the old library, “and I cannot see now what harm I have done. But, however, if Mr. Rubric says so, he may be right, and it will be better for me not to go near the place again.”

Then it came into his dull mind that the easiest way for him to get out of the difficulty in which he so unexpectedly found himself placed, would be to quit the neighbourhood altogether. “They cannot talk about me then,” he angrily argued, “and I—well, what does it matter if I don't see the young person again?”

Yes, it would be better for him to leave the vicinity of these charms, thought John. He could go back to Oxford, and though he could not conveniently, if at all, enter upon his old rooms at Queen's till the next term had commenced, he might take lodgings. He knew a laundress, the wife or mother or aunt—he did not know which—of one of the college scouts who lived out Jericho way and let lodgings to single men, and he could go there, and pursue his Oriental studies in peace.

And John could but reflect that the last month had been sorely wasted. In the lap of Delilah, figuratively speaking, of course, he had been shorn of his (figurative) locks. But he was not so far gone as that amounted to either, so he thought within himself—which proved that he was, at that crisis of his history, farther gone than he himself suspected.

And so, presently, at the sound of the bell, John bestirred himself, and went down to dinner.

Resolved to beat a retreat from the difficulty in which he was placed, another difficulty presented itself to his mind. Shy and awkward as ever, he was at a loss how to make known his purpose to his host and his college friend. He had accepted the invitation for the whole of the long vacation, which even now wanted nearly a month of its termination; and his friends would possibly take offence at his abruptly quitting them. To tell the truth, he was reluctant enough, on all grounds, to take this step; and I hope my readers—my fair readers, at all events—will give Tincroft credit for some virtue—the virtue of self-denial—in having arrived at his present determination.

In the present instance, his virtue was reinforced, and he was moreover strengthened in his resolution, by the course of conversation after the dinner-cloth was removed.

“I have had a call from Mark Wilson this morning,” said Richard Grigson.

“Drunk as usual, of course?” put in Tom, interrogatively.

“Well, reasonably so,” said the elder brother, laughing lightly. “I don't think he would have faced me till he had fortified himself. But he wasn't very far gone; he knew what he was about.”

“He wanted something, I suppose?” suggested Tom.

“You may be sure of that. He wanted two or three things; that is to say, he wanted to know two or three things.”

“As, for instance?”

“Well, for instance, he wanted to know whether I meant what I wrote to him the other day, that if he hadn't paid his arrears of rent at Christmas, I should distrain.”

“And you told him, Dick—?”

“That there was no mistake about it at all,” said

Mr. Richard Grigson. "And I asked *him* a question or two. I wanted to know what he would do with a tenant who wouldn't pay his rent."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Say? Why he said it would be his duty to forgive him, and he hoped I should see it in the same light, which I said I didn't, and wasn't likely to."

"Trust you for that. It was brassy of the poor fellow, though. Well, what did he want to know next?" asked Tom.

"He wanted to know if I was serious in giving him notice to quit at Ladytide. And I told him I was never more serious in my life than when I wrote that notice. 'And you mean to stick to it?' said he; and I did and do mean to stick to it, I told him."

"Yes, and then?" Tom rejoined.

"And who was to have the farm after him? This was his next inquiry."

"And you told him, I suppose?"

"Couldn't tell him what I didn't know. And so I said."

"Why, isn't his brother Matthew to have it?"

"That depends. There's nothing settled yet. However, Mark seems to have jumped at that conclusion, for he began to abuse Matthew and all his family in very low language, declaring at last, in his own peculiar style, that he would rather see his girl in her coffin than that she should marry her cousin Walter."

"He is calculating on a better match for Sarah, perhaps," said Tom, laughing, and glancing slyly across the table at John Tincroft, who, during the conversation that had passed, had been wrapped, as it seemed, in a solemn, silent muse.

"So it almost appears," rejoined the elder brother, gravely, "for the next question—I don't know that I ought to speak of it, though."

"Oh, out with it, Dick," cried the younger brother; "don't keep all the fun to yourself, brother dear."

"It concerns you, Tincroft. Will you have it?"

"Oh! yes, by all means," stammered clumsy John; "though what I can have to do with it—"

"Why, aren't you a friend of the family?" Tom wanted to know.

"I don't see why you should put that name upon me," said John, rather stiffly.

"Well, you are not an enemy, at any rate; are you, now?"

"Mr. Mark Wilson is so fond of you, as a friend, that he would like to have you in closer relationship," continued Mr. Grigson, seriously, and dropping the half-jocular tone in which he had previously spoken. "And, to tell the truth, my dear fellow, I think it is only an act of friendship to put you on your guard. Your visits to High Beech have been looked upon with great interest, I assure you."

"Please to explain, Mr. Grigson," said John, still more stiffly.

"Yes, I will, as you ask me in such a pleasant tone. The truth is, Mark Wilson is extremely desirous of knowing the extent of your means, and the nature of your prospects, in case, for instance, of your having a wife to support."

"You—you don't say so," exclaimed John, starting in his chair, and clutching the edge of the table in sheer astonishment. "I never heard of such impertinence in all my life," he added, vehemently.

"Ah! well, if you come to that, I have heard worse jokes, at all events," cried Tom, highly delighted

with his friend's emotion. "Especially since the cream of it is in the application," he added.

"I don't know about the joke," the elder brother went on, still gravely. "But I am inclined to hope, from your way about it, that there isn't much danger"—this to Tincroft—"I should be sorry to think there really is any. If you will take your seat again, dear fellow"—for Tincroft had continued standing, holding on to the table's edge—"I'll explain, as you have asked me to do."

John resumed his seat, and then Richard Grigson went on to say that Mark Wilson had plainly intimated that, seeing which way the wind blew, as he elegantly expressed himself, he didn't see but what he might be proud to have the college gentleman for a son-in-law, only it was a father's duty to put a few questions at starting, so as to save future troubles and disputes, because such things in families were unpleasant, as he very well knew.

"I let him go on," said Mr. Grigson, in continuation, "for I thought to myself, Tincroft ought to be aware of what is thought, and said, and speculated about him."

"Much obliged, I am sure, sir," gasped John, breaking out into a cold perspiration.

"And then when he had said all he had got to say, and put as many questions about you as would go into a high-crowned hat, I told him he must be entirely mistaken in his conjectures, simply because you are not a marrying man. Wasn't I right there, friend?"

"Right, sir; quite right, Mr. Grigson," said John. "To think of *me* marrying!" added he, as though the idea was perfectly preposterous, as, under the circumstances, no doubt it was.

"And I told him, also, that let your inclinations be what they might, you were too much of a gentleman, to say nothing of a Christian, to be seriously intent on destroying the happiness of a devoted couple—such as his daughter and her cousin Walter, for instance—by doing anything—anything, I said, my dear fellow—to sever them in affection. I hope I did not put it too strong, did I, John?"

"No, no, not at all too strong," said John.

"I told him that you knew, perfectly well, of their long engagement; and that I could answer for you—"

"Thank you; thank you, Mr. Grigson."

"That I could answer for you that you would not go near the farm again, if such ridiculous deductions were drawn from your innocent and merely friendly visits. Was I right?"

"Yes, yes; no doubt, no doubt." But John did not utter this so readily as he had before spoken. "And what did Mr. Mark say to all this?" he asked.

"Why, to tell the truth, he did not listen to it so attentively as he should have done, I am afraid, and so my eloquence was wasted. He had got hold of the story of your walking home with his daughter that night of the picnic—you remember it, don't you, my dear John?—and if that didn't mean something, he did not know what did. So he said."

"But you told him, Mr. Grigson, that it was done without intending it, that it was quite accidental, in fact, and, indeed, rendered necessary by circumstances?"

"Just my very words, I assure you, John; and I put it quite strongly, too. And what do you think he said to that?"



John did not know, and could not guess.

"He said it was—he used a strong term, and a vulgar one, Mr. Tincroft; he said—well, I had better not repeat his words. But the long and short of it is—if you will take my advice, you will take your constitutional, as you Oxford men call them, in another direction in future, dear friend."

"Thank-ye, Mr. Grigson, thank-ye. I'll think about it," said John. "No more, thank you," he added, when the decanter was pushed towards him.

#### CHAPTER XII.—IN THE FILBERT ALLEY.

JOHN TINCROFT left the dinner-table in greater confusion of mind than ever. He should have to leave the vicinity of High Beech, that was determined on; but he had not yet had courage to make his resolution known. He had been living in a fool's paradise the last month, no doubt; and the worst of it was that, when awakened out of his dream, he was unreasonably angry with those who had roused him. And yet, to show this would be to acknowledge how necessary their friendly offices had been.

Fortunately for him, the next morning's post brought a letter from a lawyer in Oxford who was engaged in his Chancery affair, which spoke of a personal consultation being desirable at some early date. And though John had an instinctive idea that the appointment could have no further result than that of extracting a few more guineas from his attenuated purse, it, at any rate, furnished him with a valid reason for an immediate return to Oxford.

"Make him wait your convenience, Tincroft," said Mr. Grigson, when John laid the letter on the breakfast-table.

"I think I had better go," said John.

"You will give us another week of your society, at least?" continued the host.

But John was firm. He must leave on the following day.

"We shall be sorry to lose you," rejoined Grigson, "but of course—"

"*Necessitas non habet legem*," put in Tom, lugubriously, but glad, nevertheless, to air his classical attainments.

"Oh, bother! Keep your Latin till you get back to Oxford, Tom," exclaimed the elder brother. "We talk English down here."

"And not always that, Dick," answered the younger brother, mischievously. "But, come, Tincroft, must you really go now?"

"I am afraid I must."

"Isn't it beating a rather inglorious retreat, though? What will your friends at High Beech think about it?"

"I intend to walk over there this evening and say 'Good-by,'" said John, sullenly.

"Do you really mean that, though?" Mr. Grigson said, gravely. "I think I wouldn't, if I were you, dear fellow."

John really did mean it, though; for, like a good many other dull persons, he was obstinate when put upon his mettle. He did not see why he should not go, and tell Mr. Mark a bit of his mind concerning his impertinent observations and inquiries. At any rate, he was not going to have it said of him that he was ashamed to show his face anywhere he pleased because scandal had been spoken. And, in short, whether or not there were any secret and unconfessed motive hidden in his heart, he braced up his

resolution, and before the day had closed in he was on his way to the farm.

"I'll let Mr. Rubric know that I am master of my own actions," thought he to himself, as he strode along; "and as to Mr. Grigson, I am much obliged to him for his hospitality, but I am a free agent, I hope, for all that."

"It's the way of the world," mused poor John Tincroft, bitterly; "let a fellow like me be under a cloud, and every favourite of fortune may give him a kick. What is it to the parson and the squire if I have chosen to take my walks in this direction? They wouldn't have thought anything about it if I had been rich. Why did I come down here to be first patronised and then bullied? I don't want their patronage, and won't be bullied," continued he, in his unreasonable anger; and then, having let off the steam, so to speak, John cooled down. "Not but what they mean well enough, I dare say; but there's no harm in seeing Miss Wilson again, and saying 'Good-by.' I'll give her a little good advice, too; that is, I'll put her on her guard against eavesdroppers and scandal-mongers. Poor girl!"

And so, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," John presently found himself at the farm, as unfit as can be well imagined of any man under similar circumstances, for putting good resolutions into effect; in other words, as incapable of giving good advice as he had shown himself averse from taking it.

The farmer was not at home, so John lost the opportunity of a quarrel in that quarter. Mrs. Mark was, as usual, gone to lie down—her usual practice in the afternoon—she being indisposed—as usual also.

"And Miss Sarah?"

Miss Sarah was in the garden, the maid-of-all-work gave the querist to understand, adding with a gesture and smile, which ought to have sent John to the right about at once, that she "dared to say Master Tincroft knew how to find her if he had a mind to." But—

Awkward John, who had no suspicion of hidden meaning, quietly turned to the garden gate, and following his true instinct of stupidity, made his way onward to the lovers' walk.

Now I have said that this walk was a shady one: it was, in fact, a pleasant alley with high topped and unpruned filbert-trees on either hand, and terminating in a rustic summer-house, with closely trimmed holly sides, back, and roof. The filbert-trees were in good bearing, the thick clusters browning in the autumn sun; and Sarah, with a basket at her feet, was employed in nutting on a somewhat large scale.

For a short space of time, Tincroft stood at a distance unobserved, while watching the "neat-handed Phillis" deftly transferring the clusters to her half-filled basket. But soon he ventured nearer, and his approaching footsteps attracting the damsel's attention, extracted from her the pretty feminine exclamation (or so John thought it)—"Oh my, Mr. Tincroft! How did you get here?"

John pointed to the garden entrance, and explained that, having made inquiries of the servant, he had learned that Mr. Wilson was not at home, and that Mrs. Wilson was not well enough to see a friend, as also that Miss Wilson was in the garden; and so he had taken the liberty of intruding on her solitude, just to say— And here he stopped short.

"And the best thing you can do now you are here,

Mr. Tincroft, will be to help me gather these stupid filberts," said Sarah, with a pretty toss of her head, and a charming frankness which quite enraptured the foolish fellow. If the filbert-trees had been guarded by a dragon as fierce as that which watched over the golden apples of the Hesperides, John could not have resisted the challenge,—so he thought: and, without further ado, he set about his task in solemn silence.

"You wanted to see father, didn't you, Mr. Tincroft?" said the young lady presently, during a pause in the work.

"Ah, yes,—that is, it does not much matter," replied John, absently. "I dare say you will give my message to him; and that will do as well."

"That depends on what it is, Mr. Tincroft," rejoined the little coquette. "If there's no harm in it, perhaps I may."

"Oh, there is no harm in it," said John. "I came over to say Good-by, that's all, or pretty nearly all. I must go back to Oxford to-morrow."

Once more the pretty, "Oh my, Mr. Tincroft!" was ejaculated. "Well, I do wonder at that," was lightly added.

"Do you, Miss Wilson?"

"Yes, to be sure, Mr. Tincroft. Didn't you tell us—father, I mean—that you shouldn't be leaving these parts for another month?"

"Did I, Miss Wilson? Ah, yes, I believe I may have said so; but you see we cannot always tell what may happen. I have had a letter from my lawyer this morning." John said this rather proudly, as though a lawyer for his own especial behoof was a necessary part of his bachelor condition. Poor Tincroft! He is not the only one who has made a brag of "my lawyer."

"Oh dear! I didn't think you were going away so soon," said Sarah; and then, this leading to nothing—for she did not evince any anxiety to know what special communication Mr. Tincroft had received from the High Court of Chancery—they recommenced operation on the filbert-trees.

Presently the basket was filled.

"There, that's done, and I am tired," quoth the damsel; "and I shall leave the others till to-morrow. I am going to rest myself in the summer-house," she added.

"May I go there too?" John—stupid John—asked.

Of course he might. Wasn't he always at home at High Beech? the young lady wished to know. "Only I shall be busy when I am there. I brought my work out with me, and I must do it," she added.

John might have thought, though he did not say, that whatever Miss Wilson chose to do at any particular time, was the most becoming and bewitching thing she could be doing at that particular time. That is to say, he might have thought this, had he been her lover; but as he was not, or was, "without intending it," as the case might be, he only followed her into the holly-arbour, and seated himself at a respectful distance.

"So you are really going to run away from us, Mr. Tincroft?"

He really was; and he again said so.

"And I have to thank you, Miss Wilson," stammered out John, "for the pleasant walks I have enjoyed."

Miss Wilson was glad he had enjoyed pleasant walks; but she was not aware that she was the cause of them. This, but in other words, perhaps.

"It was not very wise of me, I dare say," con-

tinued the awkward booby, getting deeper into the mire; "because, you see, Miss Wilson—I am—I am soon going to leave England for ever, most likely; and you—I am sure I wish you every happiness in the life on which you will shortly enter, I hope. Will you be good enough to repeat this to your cousin Walter? And if you could just hint to your father, Miss Wilson—that, that it is not wise or kind of him to go about saying what he is saying—"

"Sorry to disturb you, I am sure," said a strange voice outside the arbour, followed by the appearance of Miss Elizabeth. "Mr. Tincroft, your most obedient, I am; and am proud to see you so happy. My dear"—this to Sarah—"I just looked over to say how d'ye do, and being told you was in the garden, and expecting to find you alone" (which was a fib), "I just looked in. But I'm aware that two is good company, and three is none; so I will say good afternoon now, and will see you again another day. Mr. Tincroft, when you can find time to give us a look in at Low Beech, father'll be glad to see you, I am sure; especially considering we may be near relations some of these days."

And before her cousin Sarah could frame a retort, or John could recover his senses (such as they were), Miss Elizabeth was half-way, marching with stately steps, down the filbert alley.

#### MOORISH KETTLEDRUMS.

We had looked upon "afternoon tea" as quite a modern invention, and were therefore surprised to find the custom universal amongst a people so antiquated and conservative in all their ways as the Moors. We were the guests of the kind and hospitable Consul of Tetuan, and accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law enjoyed the advantage of seeing a little of Moorish domestic life, into the privacy of which few travellers are admitted.

Our first experience of afternoon tea was in the house of a wealthy Moor who was preparing to receive, in a day or two, his second wife, he being a widower. We were accompanied by the consul and my brother-in-law, so before we were invited into the house our host went in and warned the women—some female near relatives and slaves who had come in to get his house ready for his expected bride—that they were to keep out of sight. He then took us over the house. The women's apartments were built round a tile-paved court open to the sky, in the centre of which was a marble fountain, surrounded by four large orange-trees. The rooms were all long and narrow and very lofty, opening into the court, or on to the gallery which ran round it on the first-floor. They were carpeted with rich Moorish and Turkey carpets, hung round with a "hayti" of velvet and brocade, and adorned with curious old Venetian mirrors, placed so high up as to be quite useless for seeing yourself in. All the woodwork—doors, shutters, and ceilings—was carved, gilded, and painted with the most exquisite art, in the same style, and equalling in richness and beauty, that of the Alhambra at Granada. After showing us this part of the house, our host took us to his own private apartments, up a narrow crooked staircase. Each set of rooms had a separate entrance from the street, so that should his wife be entertaining her female friends, the master of the house need not interfere

with them, and he could also have his friends without disturbing her. The master's apartments were much more simple in every way than those we had just left, but at the same time they had a much more cheerful look from having windows which looked into the street.

Our host begged us to be seated, and then called for tea, which he made himself, first putting in the tea, then *filling* the teapot up with lumps of sugar, and when the boiling water was put in, adding some sprigs of lemon-verbena. The tea-things were set out on a round brass tray, which entirely covered a tiny table just six inches high. Table, tray, and tea-things were all brought in together by a negress, whose arms and ankles were adorned with heavy silver ornaments, and she wore ear-rings as big as bracelets. After filling the teapot with hot water, however, she left the room and did not appear again, and we were waited on by the son of our host, a nice-looking lad of twelve or fourteen, who stood respectfully at the door during our stay, only coming forward to hand our cups to and fro, not offering to partake of any himself.

Our next call was on the governor's wife—that is to say, the only one he had brought with him to Tetuan, she being the youngest and the favourite; two others he had left behind him in Morocco. We sent word by a messenger beforehand to announce our arrival, that being the etiquette if you are not on very intimate terms with those on whom you call.

We were received by the governor himself, with that grand, stately courtesy so remarkable in many of the Moors. He conducted us to the foot of the stairs leading to the women's apartments, and there took leave of us. We found the air heavy with incense, which they were burning in sign of welcome. The governor's wife came to the head of the stairs to greet us, and shook hands in the pretty Moorish fashion, which consists in kissing your own hand after it has touched that of your friend. By way of doing us special honour, she received us in what she considered the "European fashion"—that is to say, there were chairs placed for herself and us, and the tea was served upon a common four-legged deal table. Her attendants, however, all sat on the ground, and she herself seemed to be made very uncomfortable by the unaccustomed elevation of her seat. She was very young, and though perfectly black, there was something very fascinating in the grace of her manner, aided by the soft, languishing look of her large dark eyes. She wore no paint, except the line of black "*kohl*" on the edges of her eyelids, which is so universal amongst the Moors that they even apply it to the eyelids of babies, saying that it is good for the sight! She spoke frankly of her former condition—that of a slave—saying of some place that was mentioned, "Yes; that was where my husband bought me." There was one hideously ugly woman amongst her attendants who took quite the foremost part in the conversation, treating her mistress with great freedom, though she always used the title "*Lady*" in addressing her. She cross-questioned my companion upon various points of English manners and customs. We were regaled with very rich and sweet buns and almond cakes with our tea; and on rising to take leave, our hostess made us promise to come again and bring the children of our families to see her.

Another day we paid a visit to a lady who insisted upon making us spend the day with her. She was

not so fat as most of the women in the harems, and had a bright, clever face. Her daughter, a child of nine, was in the room. She was dressed like her mother, in a loose-fitting embroidered cloth tunic, with a broad stiff belt woven of gold thread and silk, but had no head-dress on. Her hair, which was dyed an intense black, was cut off straight on her forehead, and the rest plaited with blue worsted into two long plaits, which hung down to her waist. She was highly delighted with my little niece's doll, nursing it, examining every part of its dress, exclaiming in wonder at it, and showing it again and again to her mother.

A professional singer and *improvisatrice* had been invited to meet us. She was particularly amused with my sketch-book, and, after looking through it, she invited me to take her portrait. This was a most unexpected concession. I was hopeless of getting a sketch of a Moorish lady, they generally shrink with horror from the idea of being drawn. Whilst she was sitting to me a knock at the front door was heard, and shortly after voices below. "Oh," said the songstress, "don't let us have any one else, we are so happy as we are." The hostess looked puzzled, as not knowing quite how to refuse admission to these visitors, and yet, perhaps, not sure if they would be a pleasant addition, for though we met with nothing but courtesy from those ladies we visited, yet we were told that some of the women were so fanatical as to think it their duty to insult any European they might encounter. "I'll tell them we're all men, and they can't come up!" said the other lady. With that she rushed to the head of the stairs, began coughing like any old man, and called out in a wonderfully deep voice, put on for the occasion, "We are all men up here!" Her stratagem succeeded perfectly; she fairly frightened away the visitors, while we were wickedly in fits of laughter over the joke.

We had had tea given us here, according to the usual fashion, immediately after our arrival; that was now cleared away, and preparations were made for dinner. A slave brought a large brass basin with a perforated false bottom, and an elegantly shaped ewer with a long narrow spout, likewise of brass, from which she poured the water over our hands. This is certainly a far more refined and luxurious mode of washing the hands than the European fashion. The water once used never touches your hands again, and you do not even *see* it, as it disappears under the perforated bottom. The dinner was brought in like the tea, on the same tiny table and brass tray. No tablecloth, plates, knives, or forks! We all sat round the table on flat, round cushions and watched our hostess to see how she would begin. She had a basketful of bread by her side, in flat soft bun-like loaves. These she broke and gave half to each of us. She then took a small piece of bread between fingers and thumb, and, dipping it into the dish before her, conveyed meat and gravy neatly to her mouth. The whole proceeding, the washing before meat, the breaking of the bread, the sop dipped into the same dish, all reminded us of scriptural scenes. The meat was stewed in oil, some of the dishes highly flavoured with chillies, and some cooked with olives. It was all so rich that we English had great difficulty in eating as much as politeness required; but after the meat came a large piled-up dish of beautifully boiled rice; this had sugar sprinkled on it by the hostess, and we were given



elegant long-handled wooden spoons to eat it with. Dinner being ended, it was taken away, table and all, and we again washed our hands. Coffee was then brought in little double cups, very hot and strong, but so thick as to be half grounds, and we had to drink it without either milk or sugar. As soon as the coffee was drunk, the same table and tray appeared with the tea-things upon it, and I was alarmed lest we should be expected to begin again upon sweet cakes and still sweeter tea!

The tea, however, was not even made, and the only use of the tea-things was for an accompaniment to the singing! The singer sat before the table and struck the edge of the brass tray with her fingers in time to the rhythm of her song, so that the jingling of the tea-things made a kind of cymbal-like accompaniment that was really not inharmonious. After one or two songs thus accompanied, she took her mandoline from its case of sky-blue cloth, and sang to that. Meanwhile I was sketching her, and she presently came to look at her portrait. She was delighted with it, clapped her hands, laughed and talked about it, and finally pretended to spit at it, which extraordinary proceeding I was told was to keep off the evil eye. Then she went back to her seat, and began to improvise a song in my honour, to the effect that though we might never meet again, the image of the friend of her heart, the sister of her soul, would never be effaced from her mind, etc. By the time the sketch was finished it was getting dusk, and we all prepared to depart. The drawing was once more handed round to be examined and admired, the original finally pushing it away from her with a laugh, saying, "Ah! what a bold woman I am to show my face to so many men, they'll all go distracted."

I am afraid of wearying my readers with the details of the various visits at which we partook of afternoon tea, but there is one other house to which I should like them to accompany me, as we there made the acquaintance of a woman whose history was a sad and romantic one. We were taking tea at the house of some Algerine ladies, whose dress differs totally from that of the ladies of Tetuan. With the latter everything is loose and flowing, but with the former the object seems to be to have everything as tight and *skimpy* as possible—close-fitting, square-cut bodice, yellow satin trowsers reaching only to the knees, with the short skirt open in front and fastened back so as to display the trowsers as much as possible; white thread stockings, and embroidered slippers. The head-dress seemed composed of various coloured silk handkerchiefs, so disposed as to have knots and ends hanging in every direction. Soon after tea had been served a lady arrived who seemed quite at home. She kicked off at the door a most dainty little pair of white silk slippers, embroidered with gold, and seating herself, began talking Spanish to us instead of Arabic, but so fast and with such a lisp it was difficult to follow her. She was the wife of the Moorish Consul resident at Gibraltar, where she was a Spanish servant-girl. The consul (familiarily known at Gibraltar as "Black Charley") is not above keeping a shop for the sale of various Moorish articles, and there he encountered this girl, who was very poor, as she expressed it, "without a shoe to her foot," and persuaded her to turn Mohammedan and marry him. On gaining her consent, he sent her over to Tetuan, where she lived with these very Algerine

ladies for a year, learning the language, and all that was necessary for fulfilling her part as a Moorish lady. Her husband, I believe, was kind to her (she was most beautifully dressed, and had, by far, the most splendid jewels of any I saw in Morocco), but he was obliged to leave her much alone, for he would never allow her to come to Gibraltar, lest her relatives should get hold of her. He allowed her mother to pay her an annual visit of one month, nearly the whole of which, I was told, she spent in tears, such was her grief at her daughter's apostacy. Poor thing! one's heart ached for her, but one knew not what to do, nor how to help her. We went afterwards and had tea with her, when she showed us her little girl, about two years old, black as a coal, and with the tightest little rings of black woolly hair curling all over its head! It had a little slave of its own to attend on it, a child of about nine years old, whose own parents had given it to Fatima (that was the Mohammedan name of the consul's wife). We learnt afterwards from our friend that the following spring, when the cholera visited Tetuan, one of the first victims was poor Fatima!

#### NOTES FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

FROM a correspondent in the South Pacific, the Rev. William Wyatt Gill, B.A., Mangaia, we have received the following notes, which will interest general readers, while they are valuable to naturalists:—

##### SWORD-FISH.

In the "Leisure Hour" for March, 1869, appeared an interesting paper respecting this dangerous fish. A few remarks derived from my own observation may not be without interest.

The sword-fish of the Pacific (*Xiphias gladius*) spawns about the end of September. With the new year the young fish arrive in considerable numbers at all parts of the island. The fish, there known as "miromiro," is not more than three inches in its entire length, the sword itself being an inch long. The natives are very fond of these young fish. When cooked they carefully break off the swords and swallow three or four fish at a mouthful.

The young fish return to the ocean to hunt the spawn of other fish, which often seem to cover the sea in the months of January and February. By the following year it has attained the length of ten or eleven inches, and is then called "miro."



YOUNG SWORD-FISH.

As in the former season, the lower jaw only is developed into a sword; the upper one remaining quite short. The body is round and plump; the back of a light blue colour; the belly a silvery white. The tail resembles a steering oar, and possesses wonderful propelling energy. All Europeans who have tasted the young sword-fish pronounce it delicious eating, its numerous little bones being the only drawback.

By the third season this famous fish attains the length of nearly two feet, and now for the first time

receives the dignified name of "Aku," or "sword-fish." The blue colour of the back and head is much deeper; the head is flattened; and the shape of the tail is somewhat altered. *The upper and lower jaw are now of equal length, thus determining the application of the name "Aku," or "sword-fish."*



FULL-GROWN SWORD-FISH.

It is rare to meet with one of these young fish which has not injured its sword. But, like the nails on the human body, it is being continually renewed, and grows harder each year of its existence.

The perfect sword-fish returns no more to this reef, fearful of being caught in its shallow waters. It amuses itself outside in chasing small fish.

The sword-fish is believed to attain to a great age. The terrible weapons which pierce ships and kill whales are necessarily the growth of many years.

In Mangin's "Mysteries of the Ocean," just published, p. 333, is an impossible picture of the "*Xiphias gladius*." It represents the *upper jaw only* as being elongated into a fearful sword, the under jaw being quite short, like that of ordinary fish. This can be correct only on the supposition that the lower jaw had been broken off in some terrible combat. The error probably arose from an imperfect recollection of the form of the very young fish with its half-developed sword. Only it should be borne in mind that it is the *upper jaw that is then short*, not the lower.

Young sword-fish are easily caught in strong nets. The largest obtained in these islands do not exceed six feet in length. Such "*Xiphias*" despise the strongest nets, but are occasionally caught in the daytime with a hook baited with a small black fish. It not unfrequently happens that in chasing flying-fish at night the course of the sword-fish is arrested by the stout outrigger of a canoe, and whilst struggling to extricate itself is easily made a prisoner.

One day a deacon of the church came upon a pair of sword-fish over six feet in length. As they lay still, close to his canoe, he observed what I regard as a most singular circumstance—that *both* male and female had lost their swords, the stumps only remaining.

The sword-fish, when fully grown, attains the length of ten or twelve feet, and is the terror of fishermen in these southern seas. There is no authentic account of such an one having been caught here. Numerous accidents resulting from the half-grown sword-fish have come under my own observation. In one case a wrist was pierced through; the wound was of course circular; the assailant speedily withdrew its weapon, and went on its way uninjured.

Late one evening a native came running in haste for some arnica for a young man who had been carried ashore, wounded by a large sword-fish. A *Xiphias* in hot pursuit of some flying fish had struck the large canoe in which the young man was seated. Both sides of the canoe were perforated; the knee, happening to be in the way, was pierced just above the joint. The sword could not have been less than two feet in length. For some seconds the

poor fellow was stupified with terror and loss of blood. He limps to this day. In two other cases the thigh was stabbed obliquely, nearly dividing the femoral artery. Eventually both the injured persons recovered.

The worst casualty was that of a youth whose hip

was severely injured by this formidable fish. The lad narrowly escaped with his life; but after several months' nursing the ghastly wound healed.

A few weeks ago a friend of mine witnessed an interesting combat from the deck of a small schooner. The day was sultry, and the ocean like a mirror, when a number of albicore neared the little vessel. At this a sword-fish, some nine feet in length, darted from its hiding-place under the vessel; the albicore, however, escaped. The disappointed sword-fish returned under the vessel to hide until the albicore should forget their fears and return. Again and again, for half a day, this process was repeated; the quick-witted albicore at each onset evading their foe. At midday a light breeze sprang up, and the combatants were left behind.

#### SEA-SERPENTS.

It is interesting to observe that serpent worship has almost universally prevailed. Fear is the ruling motive of heathen worship. May not this species of idolatry have been connected with the memory of the arch serpent that deceived Eve?

The serpent proper abounds throughout the Indian Archipelago, but is not known farther eastward in the Pacific than Samoa. Teachers who have laboured in that group relate stories of serpents who, when rain begins to fall, coil themselves up in hollows formed by branches of trees, taking care, however, to hide their heads. The reservoir thus formed is soon filled with rain, and birds come to drink without fear. Whilst thus engaged, the crafty reptile lifts its head and attacks the defenceless victim, for whom there is no escape.

In all these eastern islands, where the serpent is unknown, the salt and fresh water eel (*Muranida*) take its place in the superstitious veneration of the natives, both being regarded as incarnations of deity.

Until Christianity came, it was unlawful for women to taste eels, on the alleged ground that in the olden time a divinity assumed the form of a great eel in order to approach an unsuspecting woman while bathing.

A woman once secretly ate the sea-eel. On discovering the sacrilege, the husband fled from her in horror, and never lived with her again, regarding her as possessed of an evil spirit which would be sure to kill and devour *him* on some future occasion.

In 1863 about eighty Atafu natives were expelled from the island of Fakaofu, and after drifting over the ocean for several weeks reached Samoa. The occasion of their expulsion, which cost the lives of several, was merely that the Christian natives had dared to eat the sacred conger worshipped by the king and people of Fakaofu.

An elderly heathen from one of the distant northern



islands drifted to Mangaia, and spent several weeks ashore. On one occasion he was invited to sup with a church member. As Tautere was swallowing his first mouthful, he unceremoniously discharged the contents of his mouth, and exclaimed, "Aue tau Atua e!" (Alas, for my god!) To his horror, he discovered that he had been eating a sacred sea-eel.

One variety, the "pui," is entirely white, and attains the length of six feet. A much fiercer fish is the "vaaroa," "long-mouthed," which is often eight feet in length, and of the thickness of a man's thigh.

Islands, I have been assured, it is customary for the natives when walking over the coral at low tide to carry with them a large knife to defend themselves from the attacks of this savage species of sea-serpent. A native of those islands a few months ago, forgetting his knife, lost the entire calf of one of his bare legs at a single bite!

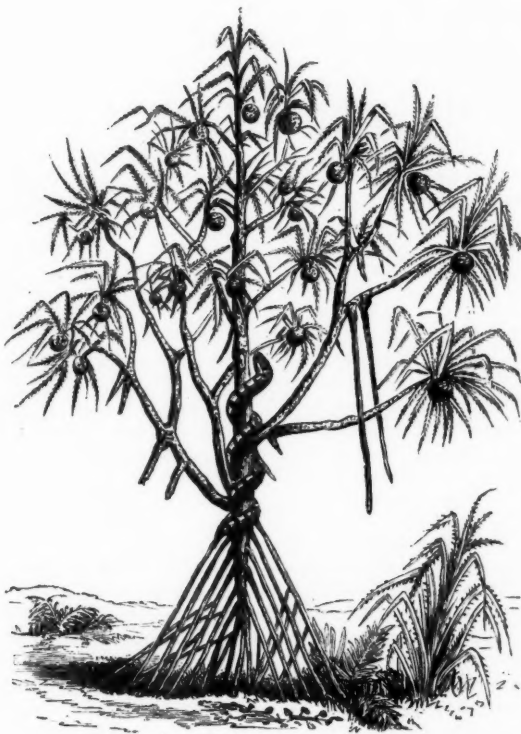
A year or two since a poor white man sauntering without shoes over the reef at Palmerston's Island found his farther progress hindered by one of these large eels. Well knowing its habits, he did not at



MURÆNA OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

As its name indicates, the mouth of the "vaaroa" is very formidable, its appetite voracious. Its brown body is ornamented with black spots. It inhabits the outer edge of the reef where the surf for ever beats, and occasionally those great rents in the middle of the reef which admit its huge body. One recently

first attempt to extricate himself, or he would have been maimed for life, but allowed himself to be dragged backwards. As soon as the sea-serpent got to its hole and began to descend, not suspecting that its victim would attempt to escape, it relaxed its hold for a second, so as to enter the more easily. That



SEA-SERPENT CLIMBING A PANDANUS-TREE FOR LIZARDS.

caught was supposed to be very old, as seaweed was actually growing on the forehead of the living fish. It is accustomed to draw half its length out of its hole in order to attack anything that may come within reach, whether fish or man. Impelled by hunger, it sometimes leaves its natural home in the coral to roam about in quest of victims. In the Paumotu

second enabled the man to escape by running away at full speed.

A neighbour of mine lost two fingers by an unlucky bite from one of these fierce denizens of our coral reef. A worthy member of our church went to *feel* for fish—a curious method of fishing practised in these islands. Certain holes in the coral are known

to be the favourite resort of a particular sort of fish. Insert your hand whenever you will, you find one of the sort referred to. This valuable knowledge is carefully transmitted from parent to child. On the occasion referred to, the woman caught a Tartar. For instead of capturing her accustomed fish, she was instantly made prisoner by a sea-serpent which had devoured the proper occupants of the hole, and had then taken up its abode in the new quarters. The woman screamed with agony; but the savage fish did not in the least relax its grasp. As the tide was rising, the consequences might have been serious. Assistance came at last, a sharp-pointed iron-wood stake being cautiously inserted by the side of the imprisoned hand. The "long-mouthed" now relaxed its hold, and set the woman free. The hand (left) was cut right across, the sharp teeth meeting the

bone. Had the woman pulled hard to get it out, it would have been necessary to amputate the hand. Yet in the course of a fortnight it was restored.

To get at some of these holes it is needful to dive under the water. Occasionally, as the fisherman is feeling about for his prey, the fish, rushing to escape, literally wedges itself between the upper part of the arm and the coral. In such cases there is little hope for the poor fisherman. A scholar of mine was in this way drowned last year.

In some of the low coral islands where there are but few inhabitants, these fish often leave the sea and make their way over sand and shingle to pandanus-trees growing near. With perfect ease they climb up the round stem to hunt for lizards and rats, which feed upon the fragrant yellow and red fruit.

## THIRTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JOHN TIMBS.

### I.—ACCESSION OF HER MAJESTY.

THE reign of Queen Victoria, even now among the longest in the annals of England, far exceeds that of the oldest reigning sovereigns of Europe. At the time of her attaining her majority, it was remarked that "the biography of one so young has more to do with hope than memory." The season of hope having passed away, it is my pleasurable purpose to note some of the fruits of fulfilment from my own remembrance, aided by the light of contemporaries.

Confining myself to the first thirty years of a reign which loyal hopes might wish to extend to sixty years, like that of her grandfather George III, I commence with an event which will be memorable in history—the Queen's accession to the throne.

It was not without thoughtful anxiety and foreboding as to the responsibilities of her new position that the young Princess received the tidings of her elevation. It has been stated on good authority that the first intimation of the probability of her accession came upon her unexpectedly. Until a comparatively late period in her girlhood she was not acquainted with the fact that she was heir to the throne, and, being abruptly apprised of it by her cousin, Prince George of Cumberland, she received the information with incredulity, and with unfeigned and violent grief.

The Duchess of Kent had, up to this period, resided at Kensington Palace, in the enjoyment of domestic privacy, such as a princess often wants to complete her happiness. I find in the "Passages of a Working Life," by Mr. Charles Knight, the following charming reminiscence of the year 1827: "I delighted," says Mr. Knight (who then lived at Old Brompton), "to walk in Kensington Gardens, sometimes on a holiday afternoon, with my elder girls—more frequently in the early morning, on my way to town. Glancing in the intervals of my present task of reviving old memories at the work of a poet who ought to be more widely known, I find these lines:

'Once as I strayed, a student happiest then  
What time the summer garniture was on,  
Beneath the princely shades of Kensington  
A girl I spied, whose years might number ten,  
With full round eyes and fair soft English face.'

In such a season, when the sun was scarcely high

enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, were breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending on them at a respectful distance—the matron looking on with eyes of love, while the fair soft face is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics who are passing onward to their occupations are few, and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more commonly found in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation. What a beautiful characteristic it seems to me of the training of this royal girl that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining pasture; and her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of thrushes around. I passed on and blessed her; and, thank God, I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

Dr. Fulford, Bishop of Montreal, relates that he remembers, in the autumn of 1819, when the princess was about four months old, he met the nurse carrying the royal infant, and she was good enough to allow him, and the friend that accompanied him, to see the royal baby. There were then many chances against that infant wearing the crown. Besides the possibility of her dying young, there were others between her and the throne. But they died, leaving the crown to devolve upon Victoria. He could not, when he looked upon the infant, foresee, nor could he venture to predict, the future which was in store for her. But might not very much of that prophetic eulogy in Shakespeare have been applied to her?

"The words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)

A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;  
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her,  
 Her foes shall shake, like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her;  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by them claim their greatness, not by blood."

"Such were some of the many things bound up in that infant. She was then being trained up with all that care which was to fit her for the performance of that work which was so soon to devolve upon her."

The Bishop further said that eighteen years after he passed on the road William IV., on his way to London to hold a *levée*. It was the last he ever held. On his return he was taken ill, and soon afterwards died at Windsor Castle, whence the Princess Victoria received the intelligence of his death, as described in the "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," June, 1837:—

"On the twentieth, at 2 P.M., the scene closed, and, in a very short time, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to communicate the event to the young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped, for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, and then turned into one of the lower rooms, and seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep, she would not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We come to the Queen on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that!' It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

The Archbishop of Canterbury having informed her of the demise of King William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch, "the sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was, *de jure*, Queen of the realm "on which the sun never sets." She was deeply agitated at "the formidable words so fraught with blessings or calamity." Bishop Fulford states that the first words addressed by the Queen to the Archbishop were to request his Grace to pray for her. "They knelt together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude."

Mr. Morse relates, in the "New York Journal of Commerce," that when King William died, a messenger was immediately dispatched by his Queen (then become by his death Queen Dowager) to Victoria, apprising her of the event. She immediately called for paper, and indited a letter of condolence to the widow. Folding it, she directed it "To the Queen of England." Her maid of honour in attendance, noticing the inscription, said, "Your Majesty, you are Queen of England." "Yes," she replied, "but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of the fact first by me." This, indeed, is but one of the many incidents illustrative of that delicate consideration for the feelings of others for which she is personally distinguished. "We can no longer wonder at that manifestation of enthusiasm which the mere mention of the name of their Queen excites in the breast of her subjects. It is not so much the throne as the personal character of its incumbent which gives to English loyalty its strength and beauty, although in the present case both position and character, doubtless, unite to intensify the sentiment."

The genial words of this American writer show the feelings of the descendants of Englishmen in other lands, and such will be the feelings of Englishmen here, in future days more than now. People are apt to talk forgetfully, if not ungratefully, of all the benefits enjoyed during the long reign of the greatest and best of our constitutional monarchs. The most distinguished of our statesmen have vied in speaking of the merits and excellences of Victoria as a sovereign. And if her public appearances are fewer than in younger years, every true heart sympathises with the widowed Queen, as the echoes of the Laureate's ode still are heard—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,  
 Remembr'ing all the beauty of that star  
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made  
 One light together, but has past and left  
 The crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,  
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,  
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
 Till God's love set thee at his side again!"

The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, arrived at the palace at nine o'clock, and had an interview with the Queen; and, immediately afterwards, summonses were issued for a Privy Council to meet at eleven. "We saw here," says Bishop Fulford, "a mighty empire passing down, without a word of discontent, from the hands of a vigorous man into the hands of a young and tender female, and the British empire and its dependencies moved on without a check. A proclamation was issued by the new Queen to her subjects. After announcing the fact of her accession to the crown, her Majesty went on to the following effect: 'This awful responsibility is imposed upon me at so early a period that I would be oppressed with it, were it not for the confident expectation that the Divine Providence which has called me to the work, will give me strength to perform it; and that I shall find my zeal in the service a recompense for the ability which usually belongs to a longer experience. Educated in England, under the tender care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned to respect the constitution of my native country.'"

The arrangements for the council were contradictory. The Lord Mayor (Kelly) and the Court of



Aldermen received notice from the "the Lords of the Privy Council," that they (the Lord Mayor and Aldermen) might give their attendance if they thought proper; and well do I remember the undignified pace at which his lordship proceeded, in his coach and four, towards St. James's Palace, where he was met by a messenger, informing him that the council would be held at Kensington. "On his arrival at the palace, the Lord Mayor was introduced to her Majesty the Queen by the Duke of Sussex, and took his seat as a privy councillor; shortly after which, with the members of the royal family, the archbishops, and other privy councillors present, as well as the members of the City deputation, he attached his signature to the proclamation of her Majesty's accession." ("Life of Alderman Kelly," by the Rev. R. C. Fell, 1856.)

In the "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," the first council is thus described: "The first act of the reign was, of course, the summoning of the council, and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She first received the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and preventing him kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young sovereign was more like that of bidding at an auction than anything else." Sir David Wilkie has painted the scene, but with a difference. At the council, the Duchess of Kent relinquished her power over her royal daughter by withdrawing as soon as she had taken her seat, when the duchess left the young Queen with her council.

The proclamation took place next day, June 21, *the longest day*. Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent, and suite, having arrived at St. James's Palace, passed through the state rooms to the tapestry room, the capacious bay-window of which, looking into the large courtyard of the palace, by the side of Marlborough House, was open. Here a guard of honour of the Life Guards was drawn up in the centre; and the Queen's marshalsmen, trumpeters, and household drums, in state uniforms. Northwards were the sergeants-at-arms on horseback, bearing their large gilt maces, and wearing silver collars of SS; opposite, near to the window, at which her Majesty stood, were the heralds and pursuivants, dismounted and uncovered. Sir William Woods (Clarencieux), king-at-arms, acting as deputy-garter, wore a splendid tabard, embroidered in gold, and a gold collar of SS. At ten o'clock the military band struck up, and the Park and Tower guns fired a double and royal salute, at the conclusion of which the Marquis of Lansdowne, president of the council, led the Queen forward to the open window. At the first shout of gratulation, the young Queen burst into tears, which continued to flow down her pale cheeks until her Majesty retired from the window. The proclamation was read, and at its close Sir William Woods gave the signal for cheering by waving his sceptre. A flourish of trumpets was then blown, and the Park and Tower guns again fired a salute in token of the completion of the ceremony.

The spectacle presented at the Palace window,

during the reading of the proclamation, was very touching. In the centre stood the

"Young daughter of Old England's royal line!"

suddenly summoned to assume the difficult and perilous office of earthly ruler and preserver of the interests of a great nation; in this position stood the youthful Queen bathed in tears, nearly overwhelmed by the more immediate pressure of the circumstances by which she was surrounded, and the warm and heartfelt outpourings of an affectionate people. Directly on her Majesty's right hand stood the Marquis of Lansdowne, to her left stood Viscount Melbourne; close behind in a semicircle stood the Duchess of Kent, who watched intensely every movement of her illustrious Queen and daughter, and during the ceremony was deeply affected.

The Queen and her attendants having retired from the window, the heralds set out with the cavalcade. On reaching Charing Cross the pageant halted, when the proclamation was read in a loud voice by the Somerset herald. The cavalcade next progressed through the Strand to Temple Bar, where the gates were closed; but it was the duty of the chief magistrate to open the gates of the Bar, to admit the procession, as had been notified the day previously from the herald's office. This was, I believe, the last time this ceremony was performed *in its entirety*, it having been since varied and divested of most of its formality. The details at the Accession are minutely related by the Rev. Mr. Fell, in his "Life of Alderman Kelly." When the Lord Mayor's carriage arrived (on the City side) near Temple Bar, the gates of which were closed, a pursuivant-of-arms advanced from the Westminster side between two trumpeters, preceded by two of the Life Guards to the gates, and after three loud blasts of the trumpets, a knock was heard. The City Marshal called out from within the gates, "Who comes there?" To which was replied, "The officers of arms, who demand entrance into the City to proclaim her Royal Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria, Queen." Immediately upon hearing this summons, the City Marshals rode up with their hats off, to the carriage of the Lord Mayor, which stood opposite to Chancery Lane, and informed him that the herald was at the gates and desired admission to proclaim the Queen. His lordship having ordered that the gates should be opened, the heralds, and the rest of the procession who had been reading the proclamation in Westminster, passed through, and a pursuivant and the York herald-at-arms presented to the Lord Mayor the Order in Council requiring him to proclaim her Majesty. The Lord Mayor addressing the herald, said: "I am aware of the contents of this paper, having yesterday been apprised of the ceremony, and I have attended to perform my duty in accordance with the ancient usages and customs of the City of London." His lordship then read the Order in Council requiring the herald to proclaim her Majesty the Queen, Alexandrina Victoria, within the jurisdiction of the City, and returned it to the herald-at-arms, who proceeded to read the proclamation immediately after the trumpet was sounded. There was a flourish of trumpets again, and the herald having cried aloud, "God save the Queen," the people waved their hats, and several persons cried out, "Long live Queen Victoria." As soon as this was done, the Lord Mayor and the City authorities fell into the procession, immediately after the

officers-at-arms, and proceeded down Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, through St. Paul's Churchyard, until they arrived at Wood Street (where the Cross formerly stood) in Cheapside, where they halted for the purpose of the proclamation being a fourth time made. The procession at this point was joined by several of the City companies, and then moved on to the Royal Exchange, where the proclamation was last read.

In Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life," "in five goodly octavos," which were printed solely for his own use, is a very interesting account of the Accession of her Majesty (see "Leisure Hour," 1871, pp. 566-7). Soon after this event, Lord Broughton had the honour of dining with her Majesty at Windsor Castle. After dinner "the Queen sat down at chess with the Queen of the Belgians. Her Majesty had never played before; Lord Melbourne told her how to move, and Lord Palmerston also assisted her. I looked on some time without taking part in the game, and I might as well have abstained altogether, for when Melbourne and Palmerston gave up advising her Majesty, in order that I might accede to them, I did not succeed better than my colleagues. I was very near winning the game, when I lost it by an oversight, and by being very often asked by her Majesty, 'What must I do?' There was also some little confusion created by the two queens on the board and the two Queens at the table. Her Majesty was not so discouraged by her defeat as to prevent her playing again the evening after this. Who played for the Queen I do not know; but her Majesty ran up to me laughing, and saying she had won. She asked me how she came to lose yesterday. I replied, 'Because your Majesty had such bad advisers;' on which she laughed heartily, and so did the Queen of the Belgians, who, by the way, spoke English well."

In the "Edinburgh Review" (of April, 1871), is an admirable sketch of the head of the administration at the period of the accession: "Lord Melbourne had not the reputation at that time (1834) of a great statesman. His *poco curante* manner, and his utter indifference to display, led men to think less highly of him than he deserved. But the truth is, that no minister ever showed more consummate tact, temper, and unselfishness than he displayed throughout this difficult period. He had difficulties with the court (under King William), with his colleagues, and with parliament. He surmounted them with admirable dexterity, and he was rewarded for his loyal perseverance in the later years of his administration by the fullest confidence and regard which a youthful and ingenuous sovereign, who appreciated his worth as it deserved, could bestow. The history of the Melbourne Administration will ever have a peculiar interest for the people of this country, and for the world, because it fell to the lot of that government to surround the throne when Queen Victoria ascended it. That incident threw a romantic interest over the monarchy, which has long survived the party struggles of the hour. It was the dawn of an auspicious day, and the place in history of those who bore a part in it is greater, perhaps, than they themselves or their immediate contemporaries imagined. Sir John Hobhouse had the good fortune to be one of these ministers."

Sir John asks, with reference to the young Princess Victoria before she had assumed the burden of royalty, "What will become of this young, pretty, unaffected child in a few years?" He answers in

these words: "An interval of thirty-three years, a reign of twenty-eight years, some of them in very difficult, if not in dangerous times, and the greatest of all calamities that can befall a woman and a Queen, have not deprived her of the smile, the kind and gracious smile, which charmed me in those long bygone days, and with which she received an old servant and subject only two days ago."

## A MIDLAND TOUR.

BIRMINGHAM.

IV.

### BIRMINGHAM IDEAS.

UNDER the animating and cheerful inspirations of industry, it is no wonder if great men arise in Birmingham, and great thoughts are born there. In Birmingham the steam-engine was perfected, and many of Watt's ideas were, with Boulton's help, carried out; there gas was first publicly employed to light the dwelling and the workshop; there, or in its immediate neighbourhood, the first thread of cotton was spun by machinery, and there the foundation of our vast cotton trade may therefore be said to have been laid; there sun-pictures were painted long before the days of Daguerre; there our national penny postage was in all probability conceived; there Mason, Gillot, and others have brought the steel pen to perfection; there the first Great Exhibition had its origin, for it was the "Birmingham Exposition" of 1849, in honour of the British Association, which that year met there, that gave to Prince Albert the idea of the Great Exhibition of 1851; thence the building itself—the Crystal Palace—came; and there the fine mediæval work of antiquity, which has done so much to beautify our modern architecture, was revived by the genius of Welby Pugin. In Birmingham the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was inaugurated. And it is the central place for the Educational movements which now agitate and divide the nation. During the recent war a working man's penny subscription on behalf of the sick and wounded was inaugurated at Birmingham. Thence, too, came the eminently practical idea of a simultaneous collection one Sunday in the year, in all the churches and chapels of the town, for the maintenance of its several medical charities. This plan, which is thoroughly systematised, has been in operation for eleven years. All the congregations co-operate in the good work, and all the medical charities of the town participate in the benefits accruing. Of the great men of Birmingham we shall have more to say next month.

### MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

Here we must specially mention the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festivals, so justly celebrated for their grandeur and for their association with the Birmingham General Hospital, one of the oldest and largest charities of its kind in the provinces. These festivals were commenced in 1768; their fame has long been European, and their influence on the musical progress of the whole English nation great and unquestionable. They have given us the choicest masterpieces of the greatest composers, interpreted by the most eminent artists. Among the

works which have been *first produced* at these festivals may be mentioned the "St. Paul," the "Lob-Gesang," and the "Elijah," of Mendelssohn; the "Eli" and "Naaman" of Costa; the "Woman of Samaria" of Sterndale Bennett; the "Kenilworth" of Sullivan; the "Bride of Dunkerron" of Henry Smart; the "Ancient Mariner" and "Paradise and the Peri" of Barnett; the "St. Peter" of Benedict; and the "Nali and Damayanti" of Hiller; indeed many of these, including the "St. Paul" and "Elijah," were composed specially for Birmingham. The list of great artists who have taken part in the festivals includes the names of all, whether English or foreigners, illustrious in the musical records of their times. To these may be added the names of all the principal contemporary vocal and instrumental performers—not one of real eminence having failed to take part in the festival performances, while the conductorship of the festival has been held three several times by Mendelssohn; on various occasions by Mr. Greatedorex, Dr. Crotch, and Mr. Knyvett; and for the last eight festivals by Sir Michael Costa. The three last festivals have yielded to the General Hospital above £15,000. The festival of 1858 was scarcely an average financial success, though a great success had been anticipated, the principal cause, it would seem, being *crinoline*! When the hall appeared crowded, there was much space filled only by hooped petticoats!

But on the whole the Hospital has greatly profited by the festivals, so that it has from time to time received additions corresponding to the growth of Birmingham and of the neighbouring mining and manufacturing districts. The latest and most important extension was commenced in 1865, when, as the result of an examination of the best English and Continental hospitals, it was determined to remodel the General Hospital, so that it might give better accommodation to patients, doctors, and nurses. Large alterations were made in the main building, and two wings added; and the whole was arranged in accordance with the most approved teachings of modern science. The Hospital now contains 235 beds for in-patients; while new rooms have been provided for out-patients, a separate building for fever patients, extensive kitchens and domestic offices, and healthy sleeping-rooms for officers and attendants.

#### PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Birmingham has many excellent institutions besides those we have mentioned, among which we may name the Children's Hospital—a peculiarly beautiful feature in the charities of the Midland Capital, whose inhabitants' tender care for the young is manifested also in the great abundance of educational establishments, not only for the upper and middle classes, but to a large extent also—and with special provision for their several special wants—for the poor, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and even the criminal. Churchmen and Dissenters are alike filled with zeal for the instruction of youth, and in connection with the Church of England there is a Diocesan Training College for Schoolmasters. There are also a Female Servants' Home and Training School, a Free Registry and Temporary Home for Destitute Girls, a Magdalen Asylum, etc., etc. In a word, it may be said that religion, benevolence, science, literature, art, popular politics, and social progress, are all well represented in Birmingham. It is one of the most thoroughly English

towns, and its inhabitants most thorough representatives of English character. It has few, if any, millionaires, but destitution and poverty are comparatively rare, and competence and comfort abundant. The manufacturers are wealthy, social, and generous; the professional men are social and generous also; and the masses hearty and brotherly, and yet, withal, independent. The public spirit of the people is very remarkable, and is everywhere apparent to the most commonplace observer. And there is a unity of design and effort perceptible, which gathers up and knits together their strength, and makes their enterprises and plans successful.

#### POLITICAL HISTORY.

The reign of Queen Victoria has been marked by a spirit of great loyalty in Birmingham, of old the most democratic town in the kingdom. None can think over its history and remember how its people fought, almost in their earliest days, on the side of the Barons and of Liberty, against Royal power; how sturdily in the reign of Charles I they refused to lift a hammer for the Royal cause, while they enthusiastically embraced that of his Puritan foes; how when Charles II marched towards London they attacked and disarmed the Royal baggage guard, and seized plate, coinage, and furniture, and how they withstood Prince Rupert when he came to avenge the raid,—without marvelling at the change. They were sturdy men, they of Birmingham! And, to say nothing of the riots of 1791, even so late as 1832, during the Reform Bill agitation, Birmingham took the lead. Charles Knight tells us, in his "Popular History of England," that "on the day appointed for the Parliament to meet, the political unions of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford were assembled in Birmingham, at New Hall Hill. It was considered to be the largest meeting ever held in Great Britain. There was a solemnity in the enthusiasm of this vast body of people which may awake the memory of the fervid zeal of the old Puritans. One of the speakers, Mr. Salt, called upon the vast multitude to repeat, with head uncovered, and in the face of Heaven, the words which he should repeat,—and every man bared his head, and slowly uttered, word by word, this comprehensive resolve:—'With unbroken faith through every peril and privation we here devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause.'" Again in 1839, "the first demonstrations of this revolutionary spirit (of chartism) were made at Birmingham, in a series of outbreaks and contests between the police, the military, and the mob, which lasted from the 4th to the 15th July. There were smashing of windows and street lamps, bonfires made of goods pillaged from warehouses, houses burnt down. The community were kept in terror till the riots were put down by the necessary employment of the military under judicious regulation." Marvellous to relate, all that was unruly has been subdued, all that was ferocious charmed away, by the gentle sceptre of our Queen! The metal which would not yield to hammering has melted in the crucible of a woman's government!

The visit of the Queen to Birmingham in 1858 will long be remembered as exhibiting one of the most remarkable and impressive ovations ever freely offered to a sovereign by a loyal and liberal people. For weeks before, little else was thought of. The Town Council voted £3,000 for decorations, and the inhabi-



tants vied with each other in contributing to the intended pageant. On the day of the royal visit every trade was represented by appropriate emblems, and every house in the principal streets covered with flags and greenery. Her Majesty received a splendid reception at the railway station, in the streets, and in the Town Hall, whence she proceeded to Aston. The entire road from the town to the park—a distance of three miles—was lined on both sides with lofty galleries, all filled with people. One scene on the road was especially touching and beautiful. "The Sunday-school teachers and scholars of the borough, to the number of 47,000, were stationed on each side of the road in regular military sections, commanded by captains, generals, and marshals. Each section had its musical conductor, armed with a long white wand by way of baton, and assisted by a drummer and two cornets, the first to give the little singers the signal to begin, and the latter to play over the simple music of this wonderful child concert. As the Queen passed along, each section sang its allotted air with wonderful precision, producing an effect on all who heard it so pleasing, so pervading, so universal, as to leave an abiding impression on the memory. The young, fresh voices, pouring forth their artless notes in melodious profusion on the clear summer air, produced an impression on the listeners which the most gifted choristers of the opera might in vain attempt to imitate. People were not only delighted, but deeply moved; and as the soft cadences were gradually left behind, every one turned back. Not the least gratifying feature in this unique concert was that the little choristers came from schools of all religious denominations—Church of England, Dissenters, Roman Catholics, Jews, all sent in their young contingents, and all religious differences were for the moment stilled in this one immense burst of loyal harmony." The crowning point of all this loyalty was the closing address to the Queen, at Aston, which was thus concluded:—"That Almighty God may watch over and protect your most gracious Majesty, and your Majesty's Royal Consort; that He may bless your Majesty's auspicious reign; that peace, piety, and prosperity may ever possess our land; that education and order may concurrently increase and support each other; and that your Majesty's royal children may ever live, as your Majesty lives, in the hearts of the people, is the earnest prayer of your Majesty's devoted and obedient servants." It is not, however, to be denied that a republican spirit has of late again shown itself to some small extent in Birmingham.

### THE STRANGE STAR AT ROME.

On the day of the opening of the Italian Parliament at Rome there was much excitement about a mysterious star that had appeared in the sky. The "Times" correspondent thus refers to it:—

"Great was the joy when yesterday morning's sun rose on a cloudless sky, and when I threw open my window I saw the clock-tower and walls of the Quirinal Palace bright and gleaming. This is the season of omens. While I was seated comfortably at my breakfast yesterday morning my servant rushed in exclaiming, 'Signore, the Piazza di Spagna is full of people looking wonderingly at a new star up in the heavens.' I burst out laughing, thinking the poor fellow had been gulled into believing that a jet of gas, which had possibly remained unextinguished at the trial of the preparations for the illumination of the Capitol, was in reality a heavenly body; but no, he stoutly asserted that it really was a star. Curious to see this phenomenon, I hastened my preparations and descended into the street. Surely enough, crowds of people were gathered, all

intently staring at the zenith, and there, indeed, was a bright particular star of the first magnitude shining in the broad daylight at 9.30 A.M., and which remained visible during the whole day, though the midday sun somewhat lessened its splendour; but whether it was the star of Italy putting in a first appearance, or one of the largest planets of our system, I must leave your readers to decide, for I have not time now to examine an almanack. The Roman people, however, have fully made up their minds on the subject, and certainly so remarkable an appearance, however easily accounted for, is a curious coincidence on this day, when at each side of the opening of the Corso there have been placed two great shields, bearing the celebrated device of the House of Savoy with its legend, '*Fattends mon astre.*'"

The wonderful "new star up in the heavens" which astonished the superstitious Romans so much on the morning of November 27, was the planet Venus, which for the previous month had been in this country a brilliant object in the eastern sky before sunrise. Venus passed the S. meridian at a quarter to nine in the morning, so that the planet was in a very favourable position for daylight observation when the Roman people caught sight of it.

In England, there had been no difficulty for some weeks past in seeing Venus with the naked eye at or about 9 A.M.; but to do so, it was necessary to know the exact spot in the heavens where to look, at the same time shading the eye from stray light. In Rome, owing to the more southern latitude of the place, Venus would appear much higher in the sky, and consequently she would shine probably with greater brilliancy in daylight there than here. The brilliant white spot which she presents is certainly so remarkable that it is not wonderful the inhabitants should connect its sudden appearance (to them) with the important political events now taking place in Italy.

In the "Leisure Hour" for 1869, p. 208, an extract is given from a letter sent by a sergeant at Hythe to the Royal Observatory, describing the appearance of "Venus in full splendour in the broad light of the beautiful sun." The planet was then situated in nearly the same position.

### Varieties.

TRANSATLANTIC CIVILITIES.—Gloucester in old England has been exchanging courtesies with Gloucester in New England (Massachusetts) after a very cordial and pleasant fashion. It appears that Captain Price, M.P. for Tewkesbury, and son of the senior member for Gloucester, visited the American Gloucester in 1869, and was so cordially entertained that his father had a view of the English Gloucester painted for presentation to the new city of the same name, of which a sketch has been for some time in the Gloucester Council Chamber, having been presented by a citizen of its American namesake. Mr. Price's gift was entrusted to Mr. H. B. Samuelson, M.P. for Cheltenham, who on a visit to the United States arrived at Gloucester (Massachusetts) on the 24th October. It appears from the report of the proceedings that Mr. Samuelson, on delivering up the painting, was presented to the town officers and prominent citizens, and afterwards entertained at a public dinner. The same evening a public reception was given to Mr. Samuelson in the Town Hall, when the formal presentation and acceptance of Mr. Price's handsome gift were accomplished, and numerous speeches were made expressive of mutual good-will between the old land and the new. There had been previously an interchange of pictorial presents and documentary courtesies between the two Gloucesters. In the letter accompanying the picture Captain Price wrote:—"It is a source of great pleasure to me, as to all genuine Englishmen, to think that the last obstacle has been removed, and henceforward the path of Americans as well as Englishmen is in the same direction; and that the only rivalry we shall have in the future will be the rivalry of peace and progress."

BURNT AT CHICAGO.—The greatest loss sustained by the Chicago Historical Society was the original draught of the Emancipation Proclamation written in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting, with an accompanying letter, as he presented it to the Sanitary Fair Commission for the benefit of the soldiers, and which was purchased for the sum of \$10,000. Besides, there was Mr. Volk's bust of Mr. Lincoln, taken from life, as also the torn battle flags of the Chicago batteries, the eagle that stood on the flagstaff of Fort Sumter, Mr. Lincoln's walking-stick, John Brown's pike, and many other valuable relics that

can never be replaced. That the building was fire-proof few doubted before the conflagration. The foundation was of solid stone, rising 15ft. above the side walk; on this reposed a massive structure of bricks, four thick, while the rafters were of cast iron and the floors of stone. One great misfortune, however, existed, the roof was a gravel or pitch roof, while the ornaments around the building were of wood. This led to the destruction of the building and its contents.

**ALDERMAN GARRATT.**—THE LORD MAYOR WHO LAID THE FOUNDATION STONE OF LONDON BRIDGE.—A correspondent sends the following note on the reference to Alderman Garratt in the Recollections of notable Lord Mayors in Mr. John Timbs's Autobiography ("Leisure Hour" for November, 1871):—"1825. Alderman Garratt." Why was he not honoured with knighthood, or a baronetcy, when the stone of London Bridge was laid? He, as Lord Mayor, sent to invite the King (George IV) to lay the stone, but the King declined, but wished that his brother, the Duke of York, should do so for him. Alderman Garratt thought, "If the King would not do it, the Lord Mayor ought, and he should do it himself," and he did, and so he died plain Alderman Garratt. The Duke of York assisted at the Masonic ceremony. This was related to me by the Alderman himself only a few months before his death in Cheltenham.

**LONG REIGNS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.**—In tracing the rise and growth of the British constitution, historians have not made so much as they might have done of the length of many of the reigns. This has admitted of steady if slow development, which might not have been the case with more frequent changes in the head of the government. A change every four years may suit the constitution of the tall American pine, but would not be so favourable for the broad British oak. The reigns of only ten sovereigns covered more than four centuries, the aggregate of the following reigns being 403 years:—Henry I, 36; Henry II, 35; Henry III, 56; Edward I, 35; Edward III, 50; Henry VI, 39; Henry VIII, 38; Elizabeth, 45; George II, 34; George III, 60. Queen Victoria will have reigned thirty-five years at the next anniversary of her accession. Her reign already far exceeds that of the oldest sovereigns of Europe. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz dates from 1842; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg from 1844; the Pope from 1846; the Emperor of Austria from 1848; and the Kings of Italy and of Holland from 1849. The reign of Victoria began in 1837, and the progress of the nation during her happy and glorious rule has exceeded all that the most sanguine could have anticipated. Long may she reign!

**HELIGOLAND.**—A curious custom prevails at christenings. A great number of little children in procession walk round the church, and each in succession pours the contents of a little mug he carries into the font. Twice a year there is a procession of inhabitants round the church, headed by the Governor, when every one deposits money for the poor on the altar.

**POPISH TENDENCIES.**—The Bishop of London, in his last charge, thus spoke of the so-called "Catholic Revival":—"When we find the 'Catholic Revival,' so-called, asserted as the antithesis and antidote to the Reformation, which is deplored as a misfortune, if not a sin; when its work is admitted, and indeed avowed, to be to undo what was then done; when Holy Scripture is disparaged as the rule of faith unless as supplemented and explained by 'Catholic teaching,' and the Thirty-nine Articles are complained of as an unfair burden, put aside as obsolete, or interpreted in a sense which, if their words can be wrested into bearing it, is undoubtedly not that which they were intended to bear; when the doctrines of those who drew them up are disclaimed as uncatholic and almost condemned as heretical; when language is used, popularly, and without qualification, on the subject of the Holy Eucharist, which, whether capable or not of being absorbed, under qualification, of contradiction to our formularies, is not only declared by Protestants but claimed by Romanists to be identical with transubstantiation; when seven sacraments are again taught, and confession with absolution is enjoined, not as an occasional remedy for exceptional doubts and sorrows, but as the ordinary rule of a holy life, and the needful preparation for holy communion; when prayers for the dead are recommended, and purgatory more than hinted at; when the *cultus* of the Virgin and the invocation of saints are introduced into books of devotion, which are framed on the Romish model, and adapted to and distributed among persons of all ages, ranks, and occupations; when, finally, we are told that, in order to 'stabilize the conquests over Protestantism and to re-catholicise the Church of England,' it still remains 'to make confession the ordinary custom of the masses, and to teach them to use eucharistic worship, to establish the claim to catholic ritual in its highest form, to

restore the religious life' (meaning the life of the cloister), 'to say mass daily, and to practise reservation (of the consecrated elements) for the sick; when this movement is thus developed in its results or explained by its supporters, it is not possible that it could be received by bishops of the Reformed Church of England with anything but disapprobation, warning, and sorrowful rebuke, unless they were unfaithful indeed to their office, their vows, and their Master, the Lord Jesus Christ."

**LIFEBOAT SERVICES.**—The number of lives saved during the past year is altogether 4,654. Hundreds of these were happily rescued from an inevitable death by the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution, whose sphere of usefulness on our coasts is extending every year. It has now a noble fleet of 230 lifeboats under its management, and assists every year in the saving of about 800 shipwrecked persons. Altogether this great and national institution has contributed since its establishment to the saving of upwards of 20,000 shipwrecked sailors. Of the lives lost last year (774) 180 were from one vessel, the ill-fated steamer "Cambria," and 200 were from nine other ships, some of which were lost several miles from the shore. Thus nearly one-half of the lives lost were from only ten vessels, the remainder (394) perishing from 114 other ships. Of the 774 lives lost 105 were lost in vessels which foundered, 112 through vessels in collision, and 467 in vessels stranded or cast ashore. The remaining number of lives lost (90) were lost from various causes, such as by being washed overboard in heavy seas, by explosions, etc. While the greatest number of wrecks, etc., happened on the east coast, the greatest loss of life during the ten years ending 1870 occurred in the Irish Sea.

**PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.**—From the new expedition under Capt. R. W. Stewart, R.E., with his efficient assistants, Sergeant Black and Corporal Armstrong, we hope for the important work of the completion of the survey of Palestine. There could not be a more able director than Capt. Warren, R.E., of the former expedition, but his instructions from the home committee may have hampered him. There is a feeling among many that too much time and labour have been expended on a few points of long-standing controversy, such as the sites of the sacred places. The Americans project exploration on the east of Jordan, and if Capt. Stewart is not active, we fear there may be unfavourable comparisons as to the results. The discovery of the Moabite stone is enough to whet curiosity as to scattered monuments of ancient history. We are glad to announce that Canon Tristram and Dr. Ginsburg are going out to Moab, in February, and only regret that no more funds were placed at their disposal than the £200 voted by the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

**COSTLINESS OF A REPUBLIC.**—Much has been said lately about the expense of royalty in England. Of the continental republics the less said the better in connexion with national wealth; but taking the United States for comparison, the loss of time and labour, the disturbance of trade and commerce, and the unsettlement of business and credit caused by each Presidential election, outweighs tenfold the cost of any monarchy. Were it only for the saving to the nation by the quiet constitutional mode in which a change of government is effected, the superiority of the English system is apparent. Ours is in fact a truer republic than theirs. A republic is "government by the people and for the people." Ours is a monarchy only in name, not an autocracy. The Queen reigns but does not govern. She has far less political power than the chief magistrate of the United States. The President is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and can order them where he pleases, whether that makes war or not. He nominates all the chief officers of the government, and the whole executive power is vested in him. In contrasting the two governments, the real comparison should be between their President and our Premier. A vote of the House of Commons, expressing the popular voice, can control or displace the government, which is not the case in America. It is an admitted disadvantage, too, in the United States, that at every change of government the whole administration of the country, from ambassadors down to village postmasters, may have to vacate their posts. The change affects the position and income of hundreds of thousands of the population. The effect is that no sooner is one government established, than agitation and plotting commence for the next term of office. The judges of the Supreme Court alone are free from this perpetual political agitation. I never met an American, not a placeman, or aspiring to be a placeman, who did not acknowledge the fault of this part of their system.—"*Across the Ferry; or, First Impressions of America.*" By the Editor of the "*Leisure Hour.*" (Hodder and Stoughton.)

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1872.

- BEDE'S CHARITY.** By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," "Alone in London," "Pilgrim Street," etc.  
**A BRIGHT NEW YEAR AT BANDYBROOK.** By Mrs. PROSSER.  
**CHAPTERS FROM THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF FRANCE.** By the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON.  
**OUR ENGLISH BIBLE: Its Origin and History.** By the Rev. R. DEMAUSS, Author of "William Tyndale: A Biography."  
**THE LAST OF THE PROPHETS.** By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.  
**THE ORPHANS: A Story of Jewish Life.** By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM.  
**BIBLICAL NOTES.** By Professor MILLIGAN, of Aberdeen.  
**COINS OF THE JEWS, AND MONEY OF THE BIBLE.** By FREDERIC W. MADDEN.  
**MORALS OF MOTTOES.** By the Rev. S. B. JAMES, M.A.  
**THE BIBLE AS READ IN JERUSALEM.** By Mrs. FINN, Author of "Home in the Holy Land."  
**HYMNS TO CHRIST.** By Lord KINLOCH.

- PORT ROYAL.** By the Rev. FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A.  
**CONTRIBUTIONS** by the Author of "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."  
**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,** with Portraits, of Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln; Dr. Ashton Oxenden, Bishop of Montreal; Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; Dr. Angus, Author of "The Bible Handbook;" President McCosh, of Princeton, New Jersey; Pastor Gossner, and other Eminent Men.  
**SABBATH THOUGHTS; PAGES FOR THE YOUNG; POETRY AND SACRED MUSIC.**

MONTHLY PARTS, 6d.; WEEKLY NUMBERS, 1d.

HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOK.

## THE SUNDAY AT HOME VOLUME FOR 1871,

CONTAINING—

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <b>DAILY THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.</b> By Lord KINLOCH.  | <b>THE GOSPEL AND MODERN CRITICISM.</b> By the Rev. Dr. ROBERTS. | <b>MIRIAM ROSENBAUM.</b> By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM. |
| <b>THE LIFE OF DAVID, AS REFLECTED IN HIS PSALMS.</b> By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, of Manchester. | <b>THE GOSPEL IN NATURE.</b> By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.      | <b>UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE.</b> By Mrs. PROSSER.    |
|  | <b>MORALS OF MOTTOES.</b> By the Rev. S. B. JAMES, M.A.          | <b>THE HAPPY SECRET: An Italian Story.</b>          |
|  |  | <b>THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW.</b>                     |

With Miscellaneous Narratives, a Sermon for every Sunday in the year, Essays, Illustrations of Christian Life, Sketches from Abroad, Historical Scenes, Monthly Religious Record, Poetry, Pages for the Young, Scripture Enigmas, and Bible Exercises.  
With numerous Engravings in the best style, from Designs by Eminent Artists.  
Also, Twelve Illustrations, in Colours, or on Toned Paper. Price 7s. in cloth; 8s. 6d. extra, with gilt edges; and 10s. half-calf extra.

## BEDE'S CHARITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

COMMENCES IN THE JANUARY PART OF THE "SUNDAY AT HOME."

NEW SERIES.

## THE TRUE CATHOLIC.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF SCRIPTURAL TRUTH.

This Periodical now appears in a new and improved form, with a variety of original contributions, specially obtained for its pages from able writers in different parts of Europe and America.  
In the "True Catholic" will be found information of the most reliable character relating to the religious movements of the day.  
In the January and following numbers will appear, among other articles:—

- A MARTYRDOM IN ROME.** By an Ex-Priest of the Church of Rome.  
**THE MUTUAL RELATIONSHIPS OF PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM IN SWITZERLAND.** By Professor de la Harpe, of Geneva.  
**THREE VISITS TO THE HUSSITE PASTORS AND FLOCKS IN BOHEMIA.** By the Rev. Dr. Blackwood.  
**HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE POST-APOSTOLIC ERA—CLEMENT OF ROME AND HIS EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.**  
**IMMIGRANT ROMANISM IN THE UNITED STATES.** By a New York Clergyman,  
**STATE OF ROMANISM IN GERMANY.** By a Berlin Correspondent,  
**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. DOLLINGER.**  
**BRIEF EXPLANATIONS OF PERVERTED TEXTS: THE REAL PRESENCE,** Matt. xxv. 26.

THE VOLUME FOR 1871 MAY BE HAD IN STIFF COVER, PRICE 1s. 2d.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.



# THE LEISURE HOUR.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1872.

Without Intending It; or, John Tincroft, Bachelor and Benedict;

By GEORGE E. SARGENT, Author of "The Story of a City Arab," etc.

The Neighbours of Kilmaclone. An Irish Story.

By FRANCES BROWNE.

Anson Gregg's Wedding.

By MRS. ROBBINS, of Vermont, U.S.

A Cruise in the Red Sea.

By JOHN KEAST LORD, F.Z.S.

Snow Crystals. With Illustrations.

By J. GLAISHER, Esq., F.R.S.

Primitive Man.

With Notices of the Development Theory, Darwinism, and other recent Opinions. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., Principal of McGill College, Montreal.

Thirty Years of the Reign of Victoria:

Personal Recollections by JOHN TIMBS.

Children in the Olden Times:

Their Food, Dress, Amusements, Books, etc. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."

Biographical Sketches,

With Portraits of Dr. Dollinger, Sir Roundel Palmer, John Bright, King Amadeus of Spain, William Cullen Bryant, Ary Scheffer, Dr. Keith Johnston, and other Notables.

*With the usual variety of Popularly-written Articles on Social, Literary, and Scientific Subjects.*

MONTHLY PARTS, 6d. WEEKLY NUMBERS, 1d.

Handsome Gift Book.

## THE LEISURE HOUR VOLUME FOR 1871,

CONTAINING—

ROCKSTONE. By Mrs. MACQUOID. (With Illustrations by Barnes.)

THE MASTER OF AYNHOE. By Mrs. PROSSER.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AND ITS PEOPLE. By the EDITOR.

MAX KRÖMER: A Story of the Siege of Strasbourg. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By JOHN TIMBS.

SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGIC PERIODS. By Principal DAWSON. (With numerous Illustrations from original designs.)

ROME IN TRANSITION. By Mrs. MARY HOWITT.

GHOSTS AND GHOST LORE.

BIOGRAPHIES AND PORTRAITS of the Duke of Argyll, Beethoven, Count Bismarck, John MacGregor, The Emperor of Brazil, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Somerville, and others.

*And a great variety of Miscellaneous Articles on Subjects of Popular Interest.*

With Frontispiece in Tints of "The Return of the Victors." The Volume is profusely Illustrated with Engravings by Eminent Artists. It consists of 848 imperial 8vo pages, and may be had on application through any Bookseller for Seven Shillings, in cloth boards. For Presents, elegantly bound, with gilt edges, price 8s. 6d.; half-calf extra, 10s.

*New School History of Greece.*

### THE HISTORY OF GREECE.

For the use of Schools and Colleges. By the Rev. F. ARNOLD, B.A. With Engravings. Crown 8vo. 6s. boards.

*For the Winter Evenings.*

### THE MIDNIGHT SKY.

Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets. 32 Star-Maps and other Illustrations. By EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S. 7s. 6d. bevelled boards; 9s. extra, gilt edges.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND 164, PICCADILLY.



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

FEBRUARY, 1872.

## Contents

Without Intending it 65,  
81, 97, 113  
The First Roman  
Parliament. By  
Mary Howitt . 69, 91  
On Snow Crystals. By  
J. Glaisher, F.R.S. 72  
The Sounds of Earth 79  
The Glacial Drift at  
Finchley . . . . 85  
The Right Hon. John  
Bright, M.P. . . 87  
A Midland Tour : Bir-  
mingham . . 93, 124



## Contents

Thirty Years of the  
Reign of Victoria.  
By John Timbs . 100  
Opening of the Mont  
Cenis Tunnel 104, 118  
Chased by Wolves . 108  
Games and Sports of  
Chinese Children . 109  
Rugby Ladies' Ca-  
lendar . . . 117  
The British Teapots 122  
The Persian Runner 124  
Varieties 80, 96, 111, 126

ALMANACK FOR

FEBRUARY, 1872.

1 T	Jup. the even. star	9 F	New ☾ 1.52 A.M.	17 S	☉ rises 7.14 A.M.	25 M	2 SUNDAY IN LENT
2 F	Last Qu. 10.10 A.M.	10 S	☉ rises 7.27 A.M.	18 M	1 SUNDAY IN LENT	26 M	☉ rises 6.56 A.M.
3 S	☉ rises 7.39 A.M.	11 S	SHROVE SUNDAY	19 M	☉ grt. dist. from ☉	27 T	☉ rises 6.38 A.M.
4 M	SEXAGESIMA SUN.	12 M	Jupiter S. 10.4 P.M.	20 T	Jupiter near ☉	28 W	☉ rises 6.20 A.M.
5 T	☉ sets 4.14 P.M.	13 T	Shrove Tuesday	21 W	Daybreak 5.11 A.M.	29 T	☉ rises 6.02 A.M.
6 T	Venus near ☉	14 W	Ash Wednesday	22 T	Orion in S. 7.30 P.M.		☉ rises 5.44 A.M.
7 W	☉ nearest to ☉	15 T	☉ sets 5.12 P.M.	23 F	☉ sets 5.26 P.M.		☉ rises 5.26 A.M.
8 T	☉ sets 4.59 P.M.	16 F	☉ 1 Quar. 6.24 A.M.	24 S	Full ☉ 10.56 A.M.		☉ rises 5.08 A.M.

LONDON;  
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

**To Correspondents and Contributors.**—All manuscripts must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter the title of the MS. should be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous contributions being sent in too great numbers to be always acknowledged or returned.

**Payment and Copyright.**—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

**Advertisements.**—Complaints having been made of the insertion of objectionable advertising bills in "The Leisure Hour," the public are informed that all such bills have been inserted without authority.

**Portfolios and Cases for Numbers and Volumes.**—For the preservation of the weekly numbers of "The Leisure Hour," portfolios, provided with 52 cords, are supplied at the cost of 1s. 2d. each. CLOTH CASES, for binding the Volume at the end of the year, may also be had at the Depository, or through any periodical-dealer, price 1s. 2d. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. cloth extra.

**Withdrawal of Early Numbers.**—The "Leisure Hour" can be obtained in Numbers or Volumes from 1865, but in Volumes only from 1856 to 1864 inclusive. The earlier Nos. are out of print.

**Correspondents requiring Single Parts or Numbers** are requested to order, whenever practicable, through the local booksellers or newsagents.

## FOREIGN POSTAGE.

The "Leisure Hour," in consequence of the new Postal Regulations, is no longer registered for transmission abroad. The Monthly Parts can therefore only be forwarded by Book Post. The following are the rates to a few of the principal countries:—

Name of Place.	For the single Part.	Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home together.	Name of Place.	For the single Part.	Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home together.
<i>Africa, West Coast of</i> . . . . .	6d.a	9d.a	<i>Malta (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Australia (via Southampton &amp; Suez)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Mexico (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.a	9d.a
<i>Austria (via Belgium)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Natal</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Baden (via France or Belgium)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>New Brunswick (via Halifax)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Bavaria (via France or Belgium)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Newfoundland</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Belgium (direct mail)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>New South Wales (via Southampton &amp; Suez)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Brazil (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.a	9d.a	<i>New Zealand (via Southampton &amp; Suez)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>California</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Nova Scotia (via Halifax)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Canada (Canadian packet)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Prussia (via Belgium)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Cape of Good Hope (by direct packet)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Sierra Leone</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Ceylon (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Spain (via France)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Constantinople (via Marseilles)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Sweden (via Denmark)</i> . . . . .	10d.	1s 3d.
<i>France and Algeria</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Switzerland (via Belgium)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Gibraltar (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Tasmania (via Southampton &amp; Suez)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Holland (via France or Belgium)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>United States</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>India (Southampton packet)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>West Indies (British)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Italy (by direct mail)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.			

a signifies additional to pay on delivery.

The rates of postage to any part not mentioned in this list can be ascertained by application at a Post-office. Orders for the transmission abroad of "The Leisure Hour," direct from the Office, should be addressed to the Publisher, and accompanied by prepayment for both magazine and postage. The Home Postage of each Part is now THREE HALFPENCE.

A NEW TALE by the Author of "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER,"

ENTITLED

# "BEDE'S CHARITY,"

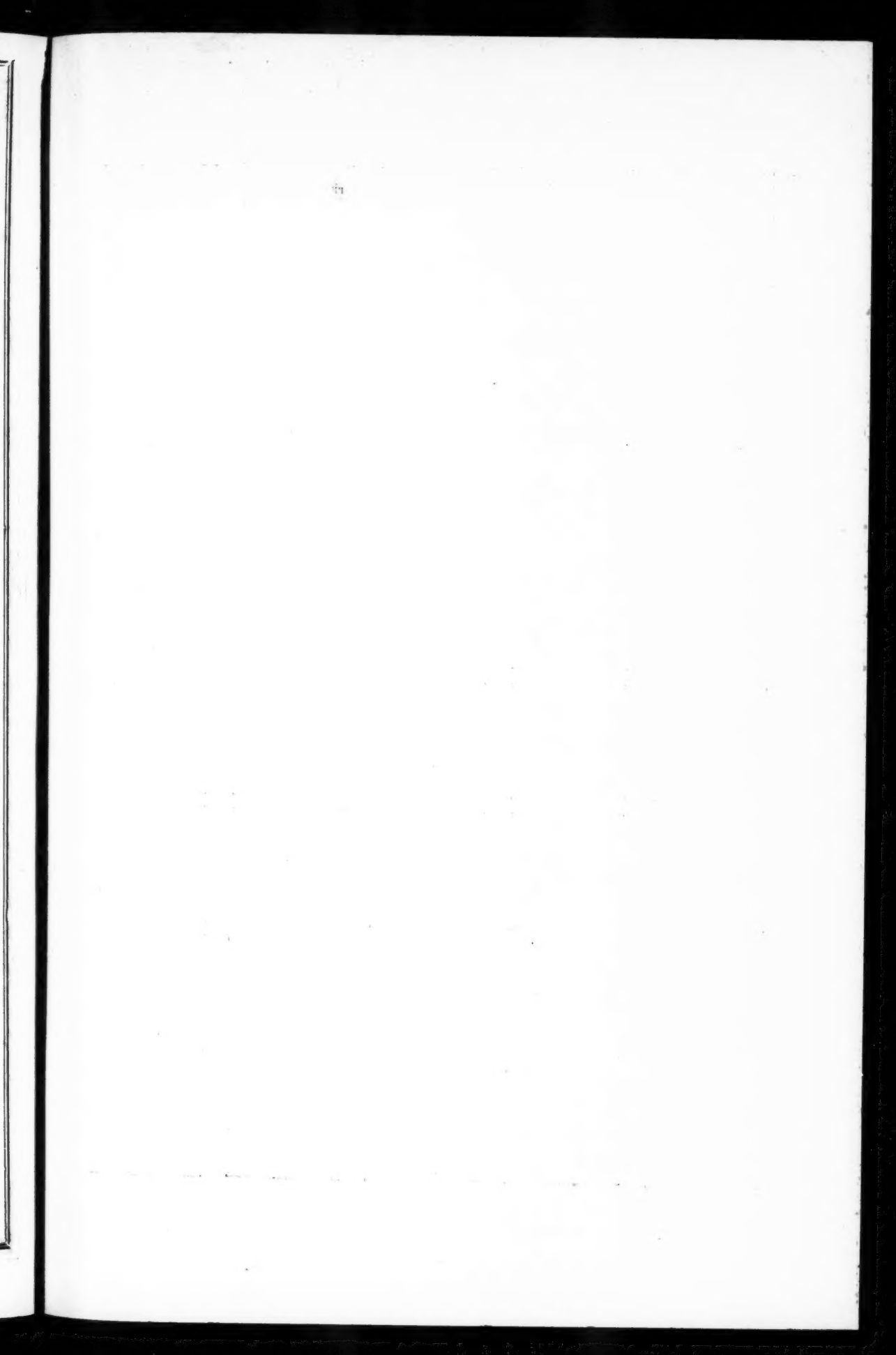
IS NOW APPEARING IN THE

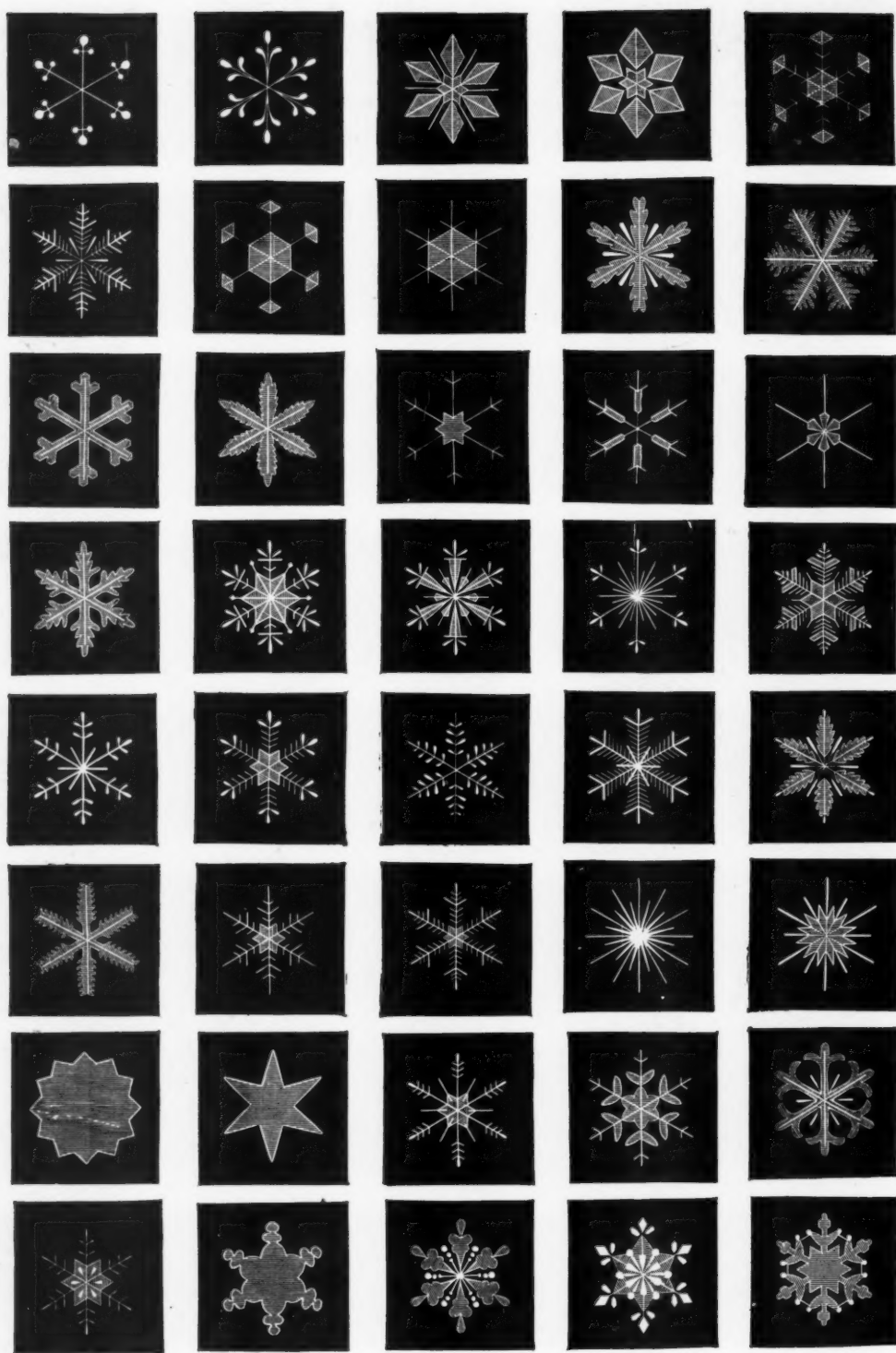
## "SUNDAY AT HOME."

MONTHLY, SIXPENCE.

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.







SNOW CRYSTALS.